

HURRAH FOR THE GLORIOUS 4th!

RECKLESS RALPH'S

DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

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No. 202

BOWERY BILLY'S OUR OYSTER NOW

by Nameless Joe

Jessie James former right hand man

Well fellers mabe some of ye remember when Winner put out a library called Bowery Boy. Winner no doubt was a subsidary of Street and Smith, at least I think so. Strange to say this library ran for a solid hundred issues, why I dunno, but it did. That it went this many numbers can be classed as the 9th wonder of the world.

Redman Ralph Cummings, our esteemed President shipped the entire lot to me for the puppice of photoing same. Wadda job, one hundred, count em. Ralph no doubt places me in the class of Superman, which I ain't anywhere near, but then yu cant argue with the President, his must be did.

So I looks em over, starting with No. 1 as I figgers thats a good place to start and me mind went dizzy. By next New Years I hope to get at No. 100.

For all ye brothers of ye Happy Hours Brotherhood, them what ain't never seen em, wal ye sure missed sumthin. Thar was a lad, true he was but a bootblack tried and tru, wid a heart of gold, course mabe gold wasn't bringin the prices then, yet thar he be. On many of the pictures where he wasn't bowl'n over villians, knockin out fifteen or twenty mugs at one sittin, he was slingin his shoe box all over the page. He was always on hand to upset the apple cart for them what wasn't pure as the driven snow.

I read one to sorta try and get me hand in to see what this Superboy was like. He did so many things that not only amazed me, but my amazement turned to astonishment. That they really happened I have no doubt because there twas before me black and white, so it musta. The stories were written by a private Detective, very private by tha name of John R. Conway. What a time he musta had follerin Billy all over the lot so he wouldnt miss a thing the lad was doin.

Turnin the cover of No. 1 he starts the ball rollin with an expression by Billy, "Green Bananers." Thats as far as I got with the story, and in most every other issue it started the same way. Billy never mentions the ripe ones. In other libraries to get the reader's excitement to fever pitch it was usually, a shot rings out, and you go on from there, but Green Bananers was Conway's idee of sumthin hot ta foller.

So I starts on No. 1 and on the cover we find Billy in a cheap flat being chased all over the room by a couple old fogies who were trying to hit him with everything except the kitchen sink, what it was all about I dont know, but if Billy had been hit with that mess of stuff Conway would never have had to bother with the other 99 numbers. He musta got out of that mess because on No. 2 we find Billy in a Chinamans den down in Chinatown. Two Chinks with flying pig tails are sticking a pal of Billy's into a barrel, while up above at a trap door Billy is shown taking it all in. What was to happen to the poor feller all

gagged and bound up goin into that barrel, I'll never know, but everything must come out O. K. cause I find in No. 3 Billy is dragging some poor jerk outta the river and coming alongside jest in time is a Police boat with searchlight and all to help him out. The guy in the water looks all wet and everything, what a spot.

Now in No. 4, there ye really got sumthin to put what hair ye got left up on its beam ends. Three terrible lookin villians, firebugs they is, down in a musty cellar, must be cause I can smell the must from the book (its that old) Billy is tied to a post, one of the mugs is pouring kerosene around his feet and another monster is about to put a match to the papers layin around Billy's dear little feet. Gawsch, now how does he get outta that one, again I dunno, he does, how do I know without readin about 't, well cause on No. 5 I see Billy being violently being pushed off the back end of a ferry boat by a deep dyed villian. In his right hand he clutches his trusty shoe shinin box, this he musta lost because I don't see a sign of it on No. 6.

Ah No. 6, there we have him as a Dee-teck-ative. Perched on back of a hack, he listens closely to a verry valuable bit of conversation carried on by an old time Farmer who jest arrived in the bad city being taken in tow by a city slicker. Without readin the story I jest know Billy bust up that game.

Then we comes ta No. 7, still goin verry strong is Billy, here he is layin flat on his back on a roof top with smoke and brimstone burning all around him, a Fireman is jest beneath him cornered on a cornice and Billy is handin down a two inch ladder for the fireman to get up outta there. Thats sure hot stuff and has me all weak with excitement.

No. 8, well its jest thrill after thrill. here we find Superboy again down in some dungeon hanging onto the top of a trap in the roof, while underneath him are two man eatin dogs, look like a breed of pomeranian or sumthin. Strapped to Billys waist is a dark lantern shinin a huge light on the man eaters, how he got that lamp fastened there, who knows mabe it grew there.

No. 9. Not so thrilling so we can breathe a bit easier, we see the back

of a Houston St. trolley car, platform all filled with villians, deep dyed ones and Billy running after it to save a gal, whom they had in their clutches. No doubt in me mind that he overtakes the car, knocks out all the rough necks and carries the gal to safety.

No. 10. Where in the heck did Billy get that red shirt and those clothes? Outfit supplied by Baxter St's best tailor no doubt. Anyway thar he is again, aswingin a big stick wardin off seven of the most ferocious lookin Italians all armed with picks and shovels, right out on the street in day light. Do they get Billy, if I had time I'd sure like ta look inside the book and find out. As No. 11 shows him back down under the sidewalks of N. Y. in another mellerdrama guess he made out all right. What places that feller gets into, an old palooka is bending over a satchel taking out oodles of green backs while a Bowery Bum is right in back about to smite the old geezer on the noggin when Billy stays his hand. No doubt he knocks the bum out, rescues the old man and his money and the old man as a reward lets Billy shine his shoes all the followin week.

No. 12. Don't worry fellers I jest aint gunna go thru describin the entire hundred numbers, I got enough ta do takin the photos, but I'll go on with a few more. Here the scene changes from squalor to a scene on the Bklyn Bridge. Billy is here with a pal, imagine in an automobile chasing another pair of evil doers for some reason or nuther. The cars were dashing along at the terrific rate of ten miles per hour and I hope some cop at the other end hands the villians a ticket for speedin. If I only knew what happened, but I'll never know.

No. 13, Now heres where Billy might really have trouble, No. 13 might be his unlucky number. Yep, he's in trouble again, the scene, on top of a ten story skyscraper about to be pushed off the top by another durn low brow. Where do all these bad eggs come from anyhow? Well if Billy plunges from that perch, well I dunno, its a terrible embarassin position for any youngster. But I guess he falls all right and no doubt two floors down a hand reaches out and catches him before the pavement below reaches up and scatters him all over the city.

No. 14. Its winter, I figgers that one out without readin the story because there's the scene, the river, all messed up with floatin cakes of ice. Billy is hoppin from one cake to another like Liza did with the blood hounds gainin every minute, but Billy in this scene a brand new plot, is again chasing some one. Billy's got a vest on over his red shirt now, almost fits him too.

No. 15. Very tame indeed, just an office scene with some city slicker about to hit Billy on the coco wid a rollin pin. It never did much damage because on No. 16 Billy is still hale and hearty and hot on the trail of wire tappers. Yehr we even had em in those days. Anyway fellers its hot stuff, the boy hero in and outta everthing. If the Roundup had five hundred pages we could bore you to death mentioning each and every one, but Billy was still alive when No. 100 rolled around cause on this cover we find Billy at Coney Island having a swell time on a chute tha chutes, but of course in back of the boat a terrific battle is going on with one guy chokin another, right smart bitta chokin too.

So if ye lived through this article and your still breathin go on and read some good stuff Ralph has gathered together for ye.

Sa long fellers.

Buffalo Bill Stories No. 38

February 1, 1902—Page 27

Prize Anecdote Department

MY ADVENTURE WITH A SNAKE (By Bertrand Couch, Texas)

The most thrilling moment of my life was on a vacation with my cousin Jack in the country. We had gone hunting, and had only fifty cents, and we had eaten our lunch, but being near to a negro's farm, my cousin Jack proposed that we should buy a watermelon. I consented, so giving the negro a quarter, we went to get a melon. My cousin Jack finally selected a melon. He told me to pluck it for he was tired. I reached down and came near pulling a large rattlesnake from its nest. I was so scared I could not move. I yelled to Jack to shoot. He shouted to me to jump aside, but I could do nothing. I could not even pull my revolver and shoot. Jack fired and missed. The shot aroused me. I

pulled my gun, and shot, but missed. Jack sprang forward and hit the snake with the stock of his gun. I fainted and the snake let out a hiss that made Jack shiver. Jack snatched my revolver from my belt and shot the snake dead. He gave me the rattles, and when I reached home father gave him a watch. Jack told me what happened after I fainted, as I have stated.

April 15, 1949. Frisco.

Now there is the story, Ralph, as it appears in print. Now let's break it down and see what makes me, the author, laugh so much at what I wrote as a child, my first story to appear in print.

1. I never had a cousin named JACK. (I did have cousins on my uncle's farm and I WAS sent to the farm during school vacations).

2. I cannot recall ever having 50c at one time at that age.

3. No negro owned or worked a farm near by uncle's farm. Anyway there were watermelons galore already on my uncle's farm.

4. I do not recall a rattlesnake ever being found on that particular farm.

5. Kids our size, did not carry revolvers. We did carry shotguns when hunting and 22 caliber rifles.

6. I never fainted in my life.

7. Rattlesnakes wouldn't HISS. They rattle and strike and strike without rattling quite often. If just disturbed they rattle; step on a sleeping snake and he strikes instantly, taking no time for rattling. (Rattlesnakes are TOUGH. Near Austin, Texas, in 1914 two men in a Model T Ford driving high speed attempted to make a turn at the bend of the road, wheel hit a coiled rattlesnake. The car skidded and turned over, killing both men. The snake was killed too.)

8. Now if I shot at the snake and missed and then fainted while Jack was hitting at the snake with the STOCK of HIS gun how the heck did my revolver get back into MY BELT so it would be there for Jack to jerk and shoot the snake dead. Why didn't he shoot the snake dead with his own gun, the stock of which he had been using to hit at the snake, unless it was one of the muzzle loading single barrel shotguns we used in those days for our coon and opossum hunting.

9. Jack never gave me any "rattles"

because there was no rattlesnake.

10. My father never gave ME a watch in his life and certainly couldn't give one to a cousin Jack who did not exist or to any of my cousins that did exist.

NOW THE TRUTH AS I RECALL IT

As usual my father had sent me to my uncle's farm to get me away from the kids in the city during the school vacations. I hated the country when I had to WORK. Up before dawn got cracked, then the chores, cutting and bringing in wood for my aunt's cook stove and bringing in well water for the house. (I didn't like that but I sure did like my aunt's cooking). Then hauling up well water to water all the stock, horses, cows and chickens, feeding the stock the silage we had cut during the previous day and brought in from the field for the night and morning feeding; milking of family cows (no milk or butter sold); hogs to be slopped (fed); faces to be doused in cold water and then into the house for the breakfast by lamp-light. Then before the dawn cracked my uncle would take his two sons and me into the field and assign our chores of digging or hoeing or corn pulling, potato digging, etc. Then he returned to the house and went back to sleep while my aunt cleaned the place up. About 10 he would get up and wander down into the field to see progress, eating a handful of wild grapes that grew on the place or ripe figs, etc. as the season provided.

In the heat of the day we were allowed to knock off. Then it was I went to picking blackberries that grew in the thicket along the farm fence. Reaching in to pick berries my hand came near a blacksnake, a perfectly harmless snake as I well knew and a friend of the farmer as it feeds on destructive field mice, etc. I wasn't in the least disturbed but the snake was and I watched him slide gracefully down thru the thorny vines to disappear. He had been waiting to catch a berry eating bird or watching for a mouse down below. From that incident grew the rattlesnake story.

Finding this story was a thrilling experience for me today, to see how my childish mind was working just 47 years ago. It was a contest entry THEN and I still write entries in magazine, newspaper and radio con-

tests, winning often but losing often-er. Always fun to try anyway.

Guess that covers the nickel novel story, Pard. Print it if you want to in The Roundup. How many more of the boys can find a story they wrote in one of these stories. NOW I can PROVE I read these novels when I was a boy. HA. HA. HA.

Yours till the last Redskin bites the Dust,

Frisco Bert

NEWSY NEWS

By Ralph F. Cummings

Eli Messier of Woonsocket, R. I., has been very sick, but is feeling a little better now, drop him a line fellows.

George Barton, 15 Bloomfield St., Lexington 73, Mass. died June 2nd, 1949 after an operation at the New England Baptist Hospital in Boston. We are all going to miss him, for he has helped us a lot on the answers to a lot of the old English Old Boys papers, for he knew them from A to Z. George published the first 5 or 6 issues of Boys Life Mag, back in the early 1900s, but sold it out, but was sorry afterwards. He had a very nice collection of old story papers published in this country, that he sold a number of years ago, but if I remember correctly, he had a lot of Young Men of Great Briton, and other rare English papers, that he showed me, when I was out to visit him 2 years ago. I am given to understand that George left all his novels and story papers to the University of Vermont. We all hope and pray that he is at rest now, and God bless him always. Don Learnard telephoned me that he had passed on, as George had sent me a card that he was coming along swell, but guess things set in a little later, we'll always miss you Pard.

Don Learnard, 23 Russell Terrace, Arlington 74, Mass. says he'll pay well for the use of these two Liberty Boys of 76, #79 and 93, as he wants to copy the reading matter, as there are pages missing out of his two. Don's all O. K. fellows, so help him out if you can.

Charles Bragin sends in word that "Jesse James Was My Neighbor," by Homer Croy has just been published, and is a swell book, so guess we'll

have to get one, eh fellers.

Arvid Dahlsted and others have sent in clippings on the new book of Jesse James Was My Neighbor, so it's getting wide publicity.

Herman Brauner, 4318 Pennsgrove St., Phila., Pa. has a lot more of old boys books for sale, also over 200 old Colliers of 1904 to 1912, New York Dramatic Mirror 1895 to 1900, Illustrated American 1895 to 1898 and 4 vols. Leslies Monthly Bd.

George Flaum paid me a visit on June 11th and 12th and we had a very nice time of it, too. George met Clyde Wakefield on Sat. and Sunday we went out to Swampscott, Mass. and paid Bro. Albert Stone a visit. Boy was it hot that day.

S. B. Condon, So. Penobscott, Me., wants all Tutt and Mr. Tutt books in Banton Books Series, also wants #36 Trail Boss and 47 Home Ranch.

Harold C. Farmer, Lansing, Mich., says that the Rover Boys Series that came out, were published as follows. He first saw them in the Sunday School Library, and then later published by The Mershon in 1899, republished by Stitt Pub. Co., in 1905, and still later by Grosset and Dunlap. The originals were in green cloth, and the Stitt editions were most all duplicates, but try and find them today.

Alexander Baum, 620 Margaret St., Pittsburgh, Pa., wants various old books, such as "The French in the Allegheny Valley," "Old Westmoreland," "The Log of Betsy Ann," and others.

C. V. Clark, 45 Astor Place, New York, N. Y. is after information or novels of any kind that have air ships, submarines, tanks and other amazing inventions in them, as he is getting out a book on every novel ever published with an invention of the above in same. So get in touch with Bro. Clark pards.

We understand that Meta V. Victor, wife of Orville J. Victor, editor of Beadle & Adams, died of cancer.

Mansfield Tracey Walworth, wrote novels, one of his stories was "Married in Mask." 54 pages. He was shot accidentally by his son, Frank H. Walworth. (See N. Y. Weekly, Vol. 28, No. 34, June 30, 1873).

A. F. Banks wrote the Bones stories under the name of "Fred," in the Old Cap Collier Library.

Boys of America had 3 stories,

"Ralph Rattler," "The Boys in Blue," "The Boy Slaves," that were never published in book form, by Bracebridge Heming.

Charles Dickens had a 3 part story called "Hunted Down," in the N. Y. Ledger about 1859 or 1860.

Mon Myrtle was the pen name of Maurice Walsh in 1888.

Charlie Bragin was the first under the wire with a copy of Buffalo Bill Stories #38 published Feb. 1st, 1902, which contains a story on page 27 entitled "My Adventure With a Snake," by Bertrand Couch, Texas.

Why not start a collection of old Farm Papers and Magazines from the early 1840's up, at 15c each, or 12 for \$1.50. A nice assortment, even if I do say so myself.

ODDS AND ENDS

by Wm. B. McCafferty

The "Bradys"—and "Maiden Lane"! These are names to conjure with. They bring back memories of boyhood. When in some secluded dell or semi-dark barn loft, we took out our roll of "Old King Bradys" and revelled in the exciting stories of deeds of derring-do in Chinatown.

I am sure some of the "old timers" of New York way, could tell us something about "Maiden Lane." In 1912 the "News From Home," a house organ for the Home Insurance Co. of New York came out with a reproduction of a painting of homes on "Maiden Lane"—a winter scene. The picture showed Maiden Lane as it was in 1770. Toward the top of the picture can be seen the old Calvinist Church, which faced on Nassau St., which was another of the streets familiar to the readers of Fame and Fortune Weekly. Here then, in this painting we see two streets intersecting, both of which are famous in N. Y. history, and in the old tales of long ago.

Incidentally, I might say that this issue of the "News From Home"—holiday number of 1942 contains a two page spread of reproductions of old 5c novels, such as:

1. "Wide Awake Library," No. 1115, Vol. II, Title, "Afloat in a Cannibal Ship, or, The Fatal War Sloop of the Ladrones." By Roger Starbuck.

2. "Wide Awake Weekly," No. 132 (not the same series as the first mentioned here), "Young Wide Awakes

Best Deed; or, Saving the Life of His Sweetheart," by Robert Lenox.

3. "Wide Awake Library," No. 972, Vol. 1. "The Mystery of the Fire-Ship; or, A Brave Boy Sailing Mast-er."

4. "Wide Awake Library," No. 882 or 892, Vol. 1, "Lost in the Atlantic," by Howard DeVere.

5. "The Liberty Boys of '76," "The Liberty Boys at Bordertown; or, Guarding the Stores," by Harry Moore.

6. "Young Glory," entitled, "Young Glory in the Philippine Islands; or, The Capture of Manila."

7. "The Buffalo Bill Stories," "Buffalo Bill's Pony Patrol; or, The Mysterious Boy of the Overland."

8. "Beadle's Dime Library" with a story about "Jumping Jerry."

9. "Work and Win," "Fred Fearnot's Rancho; or, Roughing it in Colorado," by Hal Standish.

10. "Snaps," "Billy Backus; or, The Boy With the Big Mouth." By Commodore Ah-Look.

11. "Pluck and Luck," "Lost on the Ocean; or, Ben Bluff's Last Voyage."

12. "The James Boys Weekly," "The James Boys' League; or, Carl Green's Adventures in an Unknown Land," by D. W. Stevens.

13. "The New Nick Carter Weekly," "The Mystery of the Empty Grave."

14. "Tip Top Weekly," "Frank Merriwell's Trust." By Burt L. Standish.

15. "Do and Dare," "Phil Rushington's Protege; or, The Fortunes of a Footlight Favorite."

16. "Frank Reade Weekly Magazine," "Around the World, Underwater; or, The Wonderful Cruise of a Submarine Boat."

17. "Yankee Doodle," "Yankee Doodle and His Deadshots; or, 100 against 10,000."

LIFE GITS TEEJUS, DON'T IT?

Tha sun comes up, and the sun goes down,
Hands on tha clock go round and round.

Time to git up, and then I lay down,
Life gits Teejus, don't it?

My shoes untied,
But I don't care,
Jest ain't figgerin on goin nowhere,
I'd only have to wash and comb my hair,

That's a waste of effort.

Water in the well gittin lower and lower,

Can't take a bath for six months or more,

But I've heered it said, and it's true
I'm sure,

Too much bathin will weaken ye.

I open the door, the flys swarm in,
Shet the door,—I'm sweatin again,
And in the process I cracked my shin,
Jest one durn thing after another.

Old brown mule must be sick,
I jabbed him in the rump with a pin

on a stick,
He humped his back, but he didn't

kick,
Thars sumthin cockeyed somewhere.

Mouse chawin on the pantry door,
Musta been at it a month or more,

When he gets through he'll sure be
sore,

Cause there ain't a durn thing in
there.

Hound dawg howlin so forelorn,
Laziest dawg that ever was born,

He's howlin cause he's settin on a
thorn,

Jest too tired to move over.

Tin roof leaks, the chimney leans,
There's a hole in the seat of my old

blue jeans,
I jest et the last of the pork and beans

Can't depend on nuthin.

Cows gone dry, the hens don't lay,
Fish quit bitin last Saturday,

Troubles pilin up day by day,
And now I'm gettin dandruff.

Grief and misery, pains and woes,
Debts and taxes, and so it goes,

Now I'm gittin a cold in my nose,
Life is tasteless ain't it?

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Autobiography and Memoirs of Benjamin Robert Hayden, 1786 to 1846, by Alexander P. D. Laurace, M. A. 1929. Bd. good, 1st ed. Illust. \$2.00.

Illustrious Life of Wm. McKinley, our Martyred President. Illust. 1901 — 50c.
The Life and Achievements of Admiral Dewey. Illust. 1899 — 50c.

The Terrible People, Tom o' the Scots, by Edgar Wallace. The Hound of the Baskervilles, Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes, The Lost World, by A. Conan Doyle. Calamity Tom, The Dutch Shoe Mystery, by Ellery Queen. The Island Treasure, by Frank H. Converse. The Happy Highwayman, by Leslie Charters. In Old Kentucky by Ed. Marshall. Charles Dazey, The Spoilers, by Rex Beach. The Road to Santa Fe, by Edwin B. Morris. Amos Judd, by J. A. Mitchell. Tour of the World in 80 days, 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, The Castaways of the Flag, all by Jules Verne. Nurse and Spy, by S. E. Edwards. Dri and I, Darrel of the Blessed Isles, both by J. Bacheller. Forever Amber, by Kathleen Windsor. The Cat of Bubastes, The Young Carthaginian, Under Drakes Flag, St. George of England, by G. A. Henty. The Were Wolf of Paris, by Guy Endare. Who's Who for 1930, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer by Samuel L. Clemens. Any of these at 50c each, or all 27 for \$10.00, a nice lot.

Scientific American, Vol. 10, 1864, full of new inventions, farm machinery, rake firing, and what not, fine \$1.00.

352 Gum cards for \$5.00. 49 Cigarette cards, of actresses, etc., in Dukes, Cross Cut Cigarettes, \$2.50. 37 Kimen Bros. Cigarette Playing cards 50c. 31 Sweet Caporal, etc., cigarette cards, backs have been stuck on cardboard, fair shape, 50c.

The Younger Brothers, by J. W. Buel. Pub. by Donahue of Chicago, 60c.

Bryants Popular History of the U. S. Vols. 1 to 4, the set. 1881. Illust. cheap—\$2.00 for all 4.

The set of Sport Stories #1 to 14, nice. 1906. The set for \$4.00.

Everything sent Postpaid.

Ralph F. Cummings

Fisherville, Mass.